

The Case Book of a Private Detective

True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former
Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency

By DAVID CORNELL

(Copyright by the International Press Bureau.)

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

The Case of the Anonymous Letter
Writer of Philadelphia

The reason for the prevalence of the anonymous letter writing evil is because of the apparent safety of the person guilty of this nuisance. A man of the anonymous letter writing type has an enemy. He is afraid to face him in the open, but he wants to hurt him. What easier or what more safe—apparently—than to write an unsigned letter containing information, alleged or real, or slander, which is certain to cause the assailed person harm, or at least considerable annoyance?

There is a certain type of cowardly person to whom the anonymous letter appeals as does the vengeful athlete to the vicious blackhand criminal. It is a means to harm, and—apparently—a safe one. What easier than to write a few lines in a disguised hand? Or on a typewriter? How can anybody trace a letter prepared in such a way and dropped in the mail box by stealth and in the dark of night? True, admits the letter writer to himself—or herself, for women are numerous among this element, such letters have been traced and their authors caught. But, reasons the intending writer, they will not take the necessary precautions to hide their tracks. It looks like a catch. It looks safe. But—it isn't.

Any crime or misdemeanor that will place in the hands of a trained detective a piece of writing, pen or type-writer, or a piece of printing, or, in fact, any physical trace of a person's expression, is the least safe sort of wrong-doing in the world. No sort of wrong-doing is safe, of course, but the kind that leaves a trace of a person's identity in the hands of the men who get on the track is the kind most certain to be run down eventually.

This does not mean that it usually is a cinch for the detective to run down the average anonymous letter writer.

On the contrary it is usually very hard, for the wrongdoer invariably has taken a multitude of precautions to throw his followers off the track. But the point is that the detective has in the letter a tangible clue to follow, and in the end it is practically certain that the writer will be caught.

My first experience with an anonymous letter writer came about in queer fashion. One day a young man, who looked the part of the bookkeeper that we afterwards found him to be, came into the New York office of the Burns agency and plunked down three anonymous letters that he had received during the past few weeks. Here is one of them that gives the gist of the three missives:

"Dear Sir:
You will never know who this letter comes from, but you may be assured that it is from a friend. You have a friend named Carlin, who is treasurer for the Blank Heating company. If you will spend more time in Carlin's company we will reward you in a manner that will surprise you, on the condition that you let no one know that you ever received this letter. Especially do not let Carlin know."

The name of the man who brought the letters in was Blake. He had come to us for advice.

"We aren't giving away advice," said the office manager. "If you want us to find who wrote those letters to you and why they were written, we'll be glad to give you a man for \$5 a day and expenses. It may take some time to find the writer, so your bill probably would run up pretty high."

"Oh, I couldn't afford to hire a detective," said Blake.

"I thought not," said the manager. And there the case ended for the time being.

Three months later, almost to a day, we got a call from a business house in a large nearby city to send a man over there at once. I happened to get the case. I found my people to be the Continental Heating company. The name of the general manager was Haney. I didn't like him from the start.

"Mr. Cornell," said Haney, when I had introduced myself. "I'm glad to see you, glad to see you, indeed. We've got a little matter here in this office, a queer matter, that we can't quite understand. We thought we had better have a detective in to look the thing over."

"What is it?" I asked.

For answer he turned to his desk and drew out three letters and handed them to me.

"Those letters, Mr. Cornell, have been received in this office in the last two weeks," said Haney. "Take a good look at them."

I did. The letters were simply addressed "Dear Sir," without the name of the firm being mentioned. They were all about in the same tone. Here is a sample:

"Dear Sir:
You are trying to land the contract for heating the five new school buildings. We know all about it. You have made the lowest bid. You don't know that, because you're on the outside. We know, because we're on the inside. Yes, your bid is the lowest that has been turned in. We don't mind telling you that. It won't do you any good. You think that will land you the contract. Well, we don't mind telling you that it won't. The figures in the bid don't settle this contract by a long sight. We settle it. You know who we are. Now, the reason

we write this to you is this: Come across.

"That's what will land you this contract, if you do land it. Come across. Come across strong. Show us that you're right, and we'll show you that we're right. Show us that you're not right and—good-by contract for you. You know who we are and you know how to get to us."

The letter ended abruptly. It wasn't signed. The other letters ran along in about the same strain, the third one being much in the nature of a threat, and assuring the firm that it had no chance in the world of landing this heating contract that it wanted so badly unless it began to show that "it was right" within the next week.

"I got that last letter yesterday," said Haney. "That week will be gone in five days. And we certainly do want that contract."

"Do you know who wrote the letters?" I asked, bluntly.

He looked at me in amazement.

"Know?" he said. "What do you think I am?" Do you suppose I'd be paying your agency \$5 a day and expenses if I knew who wrote those letters?"

"Hardly," I said. "Do you know who is responsible for their being written?"

Haney looked at me a little longer this time without speaking.

"No," he said. "No."

"But you could make a pretty close guess, couldn't you?" I went on.

"Yes," he said. "I could."

"Sure," I said. "There wouldn't be any sense to these fellows writing the letters if you couldn't. I suppose it's a bunch of grating politicians who are trying to hold you up, isn't it?"

He gave me a look which was an undisguised attempt to read my thoughts.

"Yes," he said, "that's what we think, of course. That is what I and Mr. Garver, the president of the company, have agreed upon as the truth."

"Garver?" I said. "I haven't met him yet, have I?"

"Mr. Garver is president and owner of this company," said Haney. "He's an old man. I attend to all this sort of business."

"Doesn't he want to be in on this conference?" I said.

"No," said Haney.

I thought it over a little.

"Well," I said. "I want him to be here."

"What?" Haney began to get a little mad.

"It's a rule of our office," I explained.

Haney leaned back, mollified.

"Oh," he said, "if that's the case, all right. Mr. Garver doesn't like to trouble with such details, but if you insist—"

"I do."

"Then we can go into his private office."

We went in. Garver was an old man, as Haney had said. He was over seventy and was in poor health. His mind was quite as clear as it should be, but as I saw him and Haney together the contrast struck me too forcibly to be lost. Garver was the fine type of honorable business man who has built up his success by virtue of the excellence of his products and square dealing, and who was more frequently met a couple of decades ago than in this age. Haney was the type who forces his way to the top by back-doing and unscrupulous conduct. Garver would rather lose business than sacrifice his self respect by a dishonorable action. Haney would get the money anyway so long as he could keep out of jail.

"Well, Mr. Cornell," said Garver courteously, "it looks as if the Continental Heating company would have to resort to bribery to get a much-desired contract, doesn't it? I dislike to do it, very much, but it is extremely necessary that we get this school contract. I am sorry to have to pay a bribe to unscrupulous politicians. I would not do so except to beat a company that wants to put an inferior heating plant into our schools. I have a large amount of pride in my own city, Mr. Cornell, and I want to get my heating plant—which is a good honest one—into the schools. I am afraid we will have to appease certain politicians with a good-sized bribe before this can be accomplished."

"Oh, I guess not," I said. "We'll get this letter writer for you after that your politicians won't bother you."

Garver smiled.

"I admire confidence, Mr. Cornell," he said. "But Mr. Haney informs me that this thing is sewed up too close for comfort. The local ring already is negotiating with the Blank Heating Company of New York. Mr. Haney has had their treasurer, Mr. Carlin, watched, and a certain young man named Blake, who is a clerk in the New York office of one of our local politicians, has been with him constantly. They are the people who want to put the inferior plant in our schools, and through this envy the politicians are in close touch with them. Isn't that the situation, Mr. Haney?"

"Yes sir," said Haney. "This young fellow has been hanging around Carlin for the last few weeks, so it's a cinch they've got something framed up. The politicians are trying to make us overbid the other people's bribe."

"How much will the bribe be?" I asked.

"Mr. Haney informs me that it will take \$10,000," replied Garver.

"Oh!" said I to myself. "Mr. Haney

informs you, does he? I begin to see a little ray of light."

"I still say," said I to Garver, "that we will have your letter writer in a few days and that you won't have to bribe your politicians."

And out of the corner of my eye I saw Haney smile.

The next two days were busy ones for me and for Cluffer and Doheny of the Burns agency staff. I went back to New York; Cluffer and Doheny on my wired request came rushing to the place I had been working. Cluffer knew the ins and outs of the political ring in that city like a book. He had worked on a couple of city hall cases there. Doheny had been brought up in the town and was chummy with half a dozen of the most powerful politicians of the lower class, the kind who would be in on such a deal as the school heating contracts.

For two days Cluffer and Doheny combed the political corners of the town. They smoked and drank and chummed with everybody they needed in their business, from the king of the leaves district, who was the biggest politician there, to the little hangers-on of husky ward-beaters. Then they sprang their proposition.

"We've got a cheap heating proposition we want to get into the schools," Cluffer told the big politician. "We know that we can't compete with the other firms that are bidding on the job; our plant won't stand competition—it isn't in their class. But we're right. Understand? We're ready to come through big on this proposition. You and your friends can get as nice a piece of change as you've seen in a dog's age if you'll agree that we get that contract, and nothing said about the kind of plants we put in."

The big fellow crossed his hands over his stomach and said:

"Now, I tell you, me boy, it's like this about those school contracts. We've made it a habit here—me and the other fellows who control the votes—to have our finger in every bit of city money that's been spent for the last ten years. We've been in on it all. But about this school business, I know, we got to thinking about it and the first thing we knew we discovered that the health of the little kids who go to school depends a whole lot upon the heating and ventilation system that goes into the rooms. They get all sorts of things the matter with them if the heat ain't right in the

low things, and perfectly sure to see here a month ago the letters began coming again, and a twenty-dollar bill in each one, and a promise that they'd continue if I'd only hang around Carlin a lot. Let yourself be seen with him, was the expression. What in the deuce does it mean?"

"Easy enough," I said. "You work in the New York office of a man who's big in politics in this other city where the letters are mailed, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And Carlin's in the heating business, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And there's a big heating contract to be let in this other city. And the politicians there always have been notorious for grafting on every sort of city contract, haven't they? Well, then here you are, working for one of the politicians, and there Carlin is, in the heating business. Now, if you're seen a lot with Carlin wouldn't anybody who knew it decide that you were the go-between for the politician you work for and Carlin, the heating contractor?"

"Perhaps," he said. "But darn it, man, I'm not. I haven't said a word to Carlin; I haven't been asked to. There's nothing in it, man, nothing but the appearances."

"And that's just what your friend who sends you the twenties is after," said I. "He wants the appearances to be just what they are."

"But I'm not guilty of anything wrong."

"Certainly not, my boy; but you come pretty near being an innocent tool."

"But who's the man who sent me the letters?" asked Blake.

"Oh," I said, "I don't think you need to know. But I promise you this: you won't get any more letters or twenties, and you can stop being seen so much with Carlin."

And, in the meantime, I had been studying the letters. The ones that Blake had received were in the same hand that had penned the ones that came to the Continental Heating company. They were in a peculiar hand. After studying it for a while I saw that it was the looping, continuous hand of a telegrapher. But it wasn't a good telegrapher's hand; the letters were just a trifle shaky.

"Easy," I said to myself. "Find a telegrapher who's on the toboggan from drink or dope."

"Oh, I used to know Haney, before the booze got me," he said. "I went up to his office and tried to touch him. He told me he'd pay me for writing some letters for him, and I wrote them for him and mailed 'em, too, as he ordered. Ain't any trouble about it, is there?"

"Oh, no," I said. "Not for you."

I went to Mr. Garver and saw him at his home that night and placed my evidence before him. It took me four mortal hours to convince him that his manager, Haney, had simply put up a bluff about the politicians wanting to hold up the firm that got the school heating contracts. I had to send Cluffer and Doheny after the loved king and bring him up to Garver's house and get him to tell the story about how the crooked politicians had decided to let the heating contracts alone. But when I had him convinced he was convinced all over.

The case never went to court. Garver didn't want any news that would mention the name of his town even indirectly in a graft scandal to get before the public. But the manner in which he threw Haney out of his job broke that crook's nerve. Garver let other people in the heating business know about Haney's awful crookedness, and Haney became a man shunned. He tried to make another start, but his reputation had become too black. He dropped down hills by little and not long ago one of our men saw him in the same lodging house that still held his old friend Haney.

Man and the Bird

Man's conquest of space by heavier-than-air machines and his difficulties in controlling his mechanisms in varying currents and eddies have naturally aroused interest in the designs of his most easily-studied prototype—the birds. Although a bird is far better equipped than a man, even in the most perfect and powerful flying machine yet invented, to cope with swirling gusts and sudden blasts, few feathered creatures care to fly during a storm.

Drexel says: "The aeroplane has its



"And out of the corner of my eye I saw Haney smile"

winter time. The air gets bad, as I understand.

"Now, as I say, we've been in on every piece of city money that's been spent; but about this one—well, some of us have got kids of our own, and we say, says we: 'Let's let the kids get decent air and heat; and we said: 'Hands off the heating contracts. Let the people with the best plant get the job, and nothing doing for us.' I'm sorry, but we've decided to let that job go clean."

Cluffer wired me in New York what he had found. It was what I had hoped and expected, because my theory pointed that way.

In the meantime I had gone straight to Blake. He had seen me in the office when he came in with his anonymous letters three months before.

"Are you getting any of those letters nowadays?" I said.

He was 35 years, and he lied and said, no.

"Then why are you associating with Carlin so much lately?" I asked.

"How do you know I am?" he demanded.

"The man who wrote you the letters told me so," I said.

His curiosity overcame him.

"Who is he?" he said. "Do you know, I'm worried half to death over

I went back to the city where the letters had been mailed, the city where the fight was on, and called on the heads of the local telegraph company and showed them the handwriting and asked if any such man worked for them.

He didn't. They had fired him for drunkenness several months before. He was an old expert named Haney who had gone the whiskey route.

When you have a man identified to that extent it isn't hard to find him. Some of the old telegraphers in the office knew the particular lodging house where Haney was living. He had touched them at intervals for small loans.

Cluffer and I went to the lodging house and found Haney in bed, recovering from a terrible spree.

"I want you to write some letters for me, the same kind you've been writing for my friend Haney, of the Continental Heating company," I said.

"Get me a drink for God's sake," said the wreck. "I haven't got a cent."

I got him something to steady his nerves and set him to work. He wrote enough to show me positively that he was my man.

"How did Haney happen to get you to write his letters for him?" I asked.

limitations, and they are so far very narrow ones." If this be true of the mechanical power, what of the guiding intelligence behind it? writes Richard Keston in The Sphere. Man has to conceive a situation and communicate his will through his limbs to his mechanism, whereas a bird instinctively throws its will into its wings and tail, which is a much shorter path to results.

Now let us glance for a moment at the relative speeds of mental perception in a man and a bird. For a long series of years I have undergone a severe training in quick mental perception and at the crucial moment setting rapidly-answering mechanical contrivances in motion, and have no hesitation in stating that the powers of the most alert human being when compared with those of a bird are as the speed of a snail to that of a Derby winner. Some idea of a bird's marvelous action of perception and resultant speed may be gained when I state that I have exposed dozens of photographic plates with my focal plane index showing that I was working at a speed of the 200th part of a second before I secured a picture of a created tit on a branch near his nest tree hole. Even in such a short space

Feke's Bitters

The Great Spring Medicine Made from Roots and Herbs.

The Best Spring Tonic and Blood Purifier

WRIGHT & HAY,

Washington Square, Newport, R. I.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

802 THAMES STREET

Two Doors North of Post Office

NEWPORT, R. I.

J. D. JOHNSTON,

Architect and Builder,

Plans and Estimates furnished on application. General Jobbing, Mason, Tile and Plumber Work executed with dispatch. Shop 43 Mill St. Office at Railway 4 1/2, D. Box 161. Residence 16 Church 4 1/2.

ARCTIC ICE CO.

WHOLESALE

AND

Retail Dealers.

This company is prepared to furnish ice of the best quality and in quantities at prices as low as can be purchased in the city. Telephone connection.

Office, Commercial Wharf

4-27 JOHN H. GREENE, Mgr.

GET YOUR

ICE CREAM

—AT—

Koschny's,

230 & 232 THAMES STREET,

or at this

Branch Store, 16 Broadway

Cake, Ice Cream

CONFECTIONERY.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS and FRESH EVERY DAY.

YOU CAN PATENT

Anything you invent or improve; also get TRADE-MARK, COPYRIGHT or DESIGN PROTECTION. Send model, sketch, or photo. for free examination and advice. BOOK ON PATENTS FREE. No Atty's fee before patent. Write to C. A. SNOW & CO. Patent Lawyers, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,

Contractor

AND

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filing, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing attended to.

[Orders left at

Calendar Avenue.

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Co

—AND—

TRUCKERS

—AND—

General Forwarders

Heavy Trucking a Specialty.

Estimates Given on any Kind of Contract. Accessibility of Telephone at any and all hours.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 20 BELLEVUE AVENUE.

BRANCH OFFICES, 172 THAMES STREET and New York Freight Depot Telephone 11-1.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

Established by Franklin in 1838.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 131
Home Telephone 1010

Saturday, June 7, 1913.

Don't let us have any more special elections. They cost a lot of money, make a lot of trouble, and don't get the sentiment of the people. There were 178 votes cast in Newport last Tuesday on propositions involving nearly \$2,000,000.

Foreign advisers state that the German banks have received urgent instructions from Imperial banking authorities not to pay out gold, but to distribute paper currency exclusively. It is declared that some extraordinary emergency not yet created up is responsible for the determination to hoard gold.

Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels has been in Newport and has had an opportunity to look over the Bay and discover its availability for naval purposes. His predecessor, Secretary Meyer, was always anxious to develop Narragansett Bay to its utmost and it is believed that Secretary Daniels will come to share in this view.

It is announced in a telegram from Los Angeles that a former governor of Arizona has died a pauper in the county almshouse. This is interesting and pathetic and it suggests asking the studios young folks who read this paper if they can tell what expression of the United States, after once holding that high office, took up the book agency for a living and went from house to house selling where he could. [Hartford Courier.]

Come up boys with your answers.

The London Economist says that British investments in railroads of the United States and in the United States Steel Corporation amount to \$9,000,000,000. British and other foreign investors now own more than half of our great railroads and industrial plants. They also own some of our largest gold, silver, copper, tin and iron ore mines and have controlling interests in some of the most powerful banks and insurance companies in the United States.

Regardless of one's political belief, it is a fact that the big Progressive gathering at the Beach next month will be a big thing for Newport. There will be thousands of strangers in Newport and they will not be paid less exactly either. Besides that, the committee will be obliged to spend a great deal of money, and it is the intention of Mr. Dreese, who is the head and front of the affair, to spend every cent of the money in Newport, other things being nearly equal. This is a proper spirit, and one that could well be emulated.

Newport has had a chance to see two of the new judges on the Superior Court bench, and the members of the bar and the lay frequenters of the Court House have weighed them in the scales. Last term Judge Barrows presided at the session of the court in Newport. This term it is Judge Sweeney. Both of these new judges have been commended in the highest terms by those who have come into contact with them, and there is a very general opinion that the Legislature upheld the highest traditions of the Rhode Island judiciary when it elected these men to the bench.

A prominent western railroad lawyer rightly says that "Railroads must be managed by their owners. They must be owned either by government or private persons. If owned by the former its ownership gives it the right to deal with them as it may please. If owned by private capital it must be allowed to manage them as it may please, subject to the obligation to give adequate service at a price which is reasonable without regard to the profit which the owners may make. Any other role of trade will be disastrous to the country because dishonest and immoral."

Now is the time when various destructive insects make their presence felt in all parts of the country. California has its grasshoppers which threaten total destruction of fruit trees in some parts of the State; Connecticut has its pests which are destroying all vegetation in their path, of whatever nature; Providence has its brown tell moth, and Newport has its tent caterpillar and tarantula moth. In this section of the State we could quickly gain the ascendancy over the invaders if we should give them proper battle, but the way that they are being allowed to come out of their nests and spread over surrounding territory does not hold out much hope for the future.

As was to be expected, all the important committee chairmanships in the national House of Representatives went to the Southern members and the South is now firmly in control of all national legislation. The New England members secured appointments to some good committees but will be in a helpless minority even if they were disposed to lead their aid to their constituents rather than join with their party associates on every measure. Congressman Gerry of Rhode Island may be of service to Newport on the House naval committee. Congressman O'Rourke, on the committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, will be in a good position to truckle to the Providence papers by nagging the New Haven road if he sees fit.

Highway Loan Defeated

In the special election throughout the State on Tuesday the voters approved the proposition to issue \$1,225,000 in bonds for the construction of new buildings, etc., for the State institutions, but defeated the proposition to issue \$700,000 in bonds for State highways. The total vote was very small everywhere, only a very small proportion of the eligible voters voting sufficient interest to go to the polls.

Most cities and towns cast their votes in favor of the State institutions and against the highways. Newport went on record as being opposed to both propositions, as did also the towns of Coventry, Hopkinton, Easton, Middlebury and Portsmouth. A few towns approved the road proposition and opposed the State institutions, as follows: Gloucester, Little Compton and New Shoreham. Several towns approved both propositions: Bristol, Charlestown, Foster, Johnston, Lincoln, No. Providence, No. Smithfield, Richmond, Scituate, Southfield, Tiverton, Warren, Westerly and West Greenwich.

The vote in the State was as follows:

Institutions	Highway
Barrington	141
Bristol	141
Charlestown	141
Coventry	141
Easton	141
Foster	141
Gloucester	141
Hopkinton	141
Johnston	141
Lincoln	141
Little Compton	141
Middlebury	141
New Shoreham	141
No. Providence	141
No. Smithfield	141
Portsmouth	141
Richmond	141
Scituate	141
Southfield	141
Tiverton	141
Warren	141
Westerly	141
West Greenwich	141
Woonsocket	141
TOTAL	1113

Institutions loan approved by 9014 majority.
Highways loan rejected by 5423 majority.

Theory Rather than Experience

The following from Boston Truth is rather accurate but nevertheless to the point: A. The initiator of applied patternism and the stern and unrelenting Nemesis of steel and conspiring capital, the Wilson administration ought to have been in the history of the twentieth century.

History tells us that in the light of experience and investigation, nothing was left to chance. The interests of all manufacturers, wage-earners and consumers were considered in the making or changing of every schedule.

But we have entered upon a new system, the old order is passing; we stand upon the threshold of the long-expected millennium, and those reactionary, refractory and unregenerate skeptics who refuse to accept it as the real thing will do so at their peril.

And so we have a tariff bill evolved out of the wisdom and experience of the super-pedagogue, the industrial knowledge of lawyers and politicians, and the economic lore gleaned in cotton fields and corner groceries.

In the framing of this tariff no manufacturer was consulted, no man of experience with tariff schedules was asked for his advice, no man with following in the balance was listened to for a moment. The wisdom that prevailed was the wisdom of the theorist.

We have already established in the domain of transportation, the glorious principle that profits are immaterial, and that decreasing rates, increasing wages, and constant and costly investigations for the benefit of blackmailers, jobbers and stock gamblers, are the essential elements of efficiency and success.

And now, logically enough, the splendid principle of the Railway Raiders will apply to tariff-making and depraved mill-owners and employers of labor, whose wisest are not sharp enough to grasp the beauties of the impending millennium.

Those who refuse to run their industries at a loss and shut down, or those greedy enough to cut wages in order that they may not go to the wall, will find their places invaded and over run by "experts" trained by years of experience in politics and Washington bureau work, and not only will they be shown that they do not know their business, but that they are traitors seeking to discredit the new-born tariff, that they are mercenary oppressors of the poor, but they will be denounced in the yellow newspapers under government auspices and made to pay the price.

Very likely, with the Hamanizing machinery of the new dispensation goes into operation, it will be wiser and more prudent for such manufacturers to turn on extra time, raise wages and reach the terminal facilities of the sheriff's office as soon as possible, than to attempt to shut down and face the threatened storm of investigation, publicity and misrepresentation. In the one case they will merely lose their fortunes; in the other, they will be beggared in estate and bankrupted in character.

It is clearly up to the thrifty and despised business man to drink his medicine and praise its flavor; for it will not do to fiddle with an aroused, inflamed and sensitive Democracy.

The South is in the saddle; whip and spur are the order of the day; and it will be interesting to see how far the gambol and donkey will be able to run with its strange and heavy burden. Meantime let the predatory manufacturer beware. The Schoolmaster will catch him if he don't watch out.

PACKED

DRINK

ONLY IN

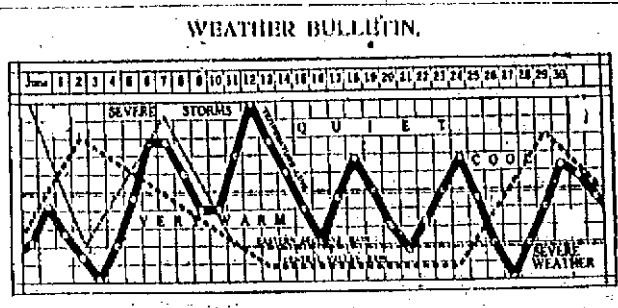
LIPTON'S

TEA

DIRECT FROM OUR OWN PLANTATIONS

AIRTIGHT

TINS



In above chart the line represents normal precipitation and temperatures. As temperatures and precipitation lines the probability will increase for more precipitation and higher temperatures. Dates are for Meridian 90. Counting to three days earlier for west of that line and much later for east of it, in proportion to distance from that Meridian which runs north and south.

In above chart the line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above the line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below the line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Counting to two days earlier for west of line and to four days for east if it crosses within a few days from west to east.

Copyrighted 1913, by W. T. Foster.
Washington, D. C., June 6, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross central June 4 to 8, with wave 3 to 7, and wave 6 to 10. From near Meridian 90 eastward this disturbance will cause severe weather with a probability of heavy rain at some points on the Gulf coast. Unusually hot weather will prevail southeast of the line, or storm center, as it crosses the continent. Unusually stormy seas are expected in great central valleys during the five days centering on June 7. Some showers in western sections during the five days centering on June 27 and in eastern sections centering on June 7.

While some sections will get good showers the half of June others of large extent will have a deficiency of rain. This may not damage wheat and corn to any great extent but where the drought strikes the first part of June it will be a serious matter for that crop.

Disturbance with much Pacific coast about June 8, across Pacific more by June 10, west central valleys 11 to 13, eastern sections 14. Warm wave will cross Pacific about June 9, great central valleys 11, eastern sections 12. Cool wave will cross Pacific about June 12, great central valleys 14, eastern sections 16.

This disturbance will continue the severe storms, hot weather and drought. These of course will cover only small portions of the country. The storm forces will be most severe west of Meridian 90 and particularly on the Pacific coast but the forces of the preceding storm will be greatest east of Meridian 90.

It is worthy of note that our prediction is

Weekly Almanac.

	JUNE	STANDARD TIME	
	1912		
	Sun Sun Moon High Water		
	rises sets sets (Moon) Eves		
7 Sat	4 03 17	19 10 31 9 31 9 49	
8 Sun	4 03 17	20 16 10 23 10 48	
9 Mon	4 03 17	21 22 11 28 11 13	
10 Tue	4 03 17	21 11 55 12 23	
11 Wed	4 03 17	22 10 00 0 42 1 1	
12 Thur	4 03 17	22 02 41 1 45 2 10	
13 Fri	4 03 17	22 0 42 2 43 3 10	
New Moon, 4th day, 23, evening			
First Quarter, 11th day, 11th, morning			
Full Moon, 17th day, 10th, evening			
Last Quarter, 24th day, 0th, evening			

Widow of Benjamin Hammett Stearns her 86th year.
At Newport, R. I., at the residence of her son-in-law, Commander Walter of the Navy, Nelly Young Esbert, widow of the late Harry C. Esbert, U.S.A., and daughter of the late Noble Young of Washington, in this city, during the night of June 10th, Mrs. and Mrs. George M. Magruder and Charles H. Campbell, aged 72 years.
In this city, 3d inst., Anne Johnson nee Smith, widow of John H. Baker, 84 years of age, in this city, 3d inst., Edward J. Smith, 40 years of age.
In this city, 4th inst., Catherine Kierman, 41 years of age.
In this city, 5th inst., Daniel G. Jones Jr., and Mary A. Mott, aged 57 days.
In Little Compton, 2d inst., John Smith, 67th year.
In Brewster, Mass., 5th inst., George H. Smith, of the late Jeremiah and Melrose, aged 84 years.
In Providence, 5th ult., Sophronia Smith, 80 years of age.

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY CO

"I AM CONTENT." DECLARES T. R.

Asks Only Nominal Damages
In Admitting Satisfaction

NEWETT RETRACTS CHARGE

Vindicates Former President and Declares He Was Mistaken—Recognizes Lesser Opportunities (His Witnesses Had to Observe Plaintiff's Habits)—Six Cents Damage Awarded

Marquette, Mich., June 2.—Delighted with the vindication he received by the acknowledgment of George A. Newett, editor of the *Journal* from Oia, that he could not prove Theodore Roosevelt was ever intemperate or addicted to intemperate habits, Roosevelt and his party are homeward-bound. Before leaving Newett said he had desired vindication, not revenge, but that he never again can be raised the question of intemperance when he is concerned.

With the award by the jury, at the suggestion of Roosevelt, of damages of 6 cents, the libel suit of the erstwhile president came to a close. The action of Newett in admitting on the witness stand that he could not prove his assertion that Roosevelt was intemperate, and that he was convinced from the testimony and the depositions of Roosevelt's witnesses that the assertion was not founded on fact, has brought him commendation from many sources.

On the other hand, the action of Roosevelt in accepting the admission of Newett gracefully and disclaiming any desire for revenge or pecuniary benefit has brought forth expressions of admiration. The action of Roosevelt in asking that only nominal damages be awarded was made at the moment Newett admitted that he did not believe Roosevelt was intemperate and that he was not justified in printing what he did.

"The verdict was perfectly splendid," said Roosevelt. "I did not go into this case for money, but for vindication. I made my reputation the issue, because I wished once for all thoroughly and comprehensively to deal with these slanders. I have achieved my purpose and I am content."

The editor, vindictive Roosevelt, said in part:

"It is fair to the plaintiff to state that I have been unable to find in any section of the country any individual witness who is willing to state that he has personally seen Mr. Roosevelt drink to excess."

"I have taken the testimony in the form of depositions of more than forty reputable witnesses who have expressed the opinion that on these occasions as to which they testify he was intoxicated. I believe all these witnesses were honest in making their statements. I have relied upon those witnesses, but have recognized the lesser opportunities they have had to observe the plaintiff and his habits."

"I have been profoundly impressed during the progress of this trial by the nature and extent of the evidence produced by the plaintiff to the effect that he did not in fact use liquor to excess on any occasion."

"I am unwilling to continue to assert that Roosevelt actually and in fact drank to excess. As a publisher of a newspaper I have never knowingly done injustice to any man, and neither I nor any of my attorneys is willing now to make or continue the assertion of an unjust charge against the plaintiff in this case. We have reached the conclusion that to continue expressly or implicitly to assert that Roosevelt drank to excess or actually became intoxicated as set forth in the article would do him an injustice."

NEW BRAND OF TOBACCO

"Real Havana" Cigars May Be Produced in New England States

Boston, June 5.—Havana cigars, direct from Massachusetts and Connecticut, will be the next number on the program if the tobacco growers of those two states accept the discoveries of Professor E. M. East of Harvard, who is conducting experiments at the Bussey Institution at Jamaica Plain.

Professor East has produced a hybrid tobacco from a cross between the Sumatra and the Havana varieties of tobacco, which resulted in a better quality of smoking material and a yield of 50 percent more. The new tobacco plant is suitable for the sunny tobacco districts of Massachusetts and Connecticut, he says.

Ice Investigation Ordered
Boston, June 4.—By a voice vote the house adopted an order calling for an investigation by the attorney general of the ice situation in Massachusetts to discover whether there is any justification of the increase in the price of ice at the present time.

Minister Northcott Resigns
Caracas, June 3.—Elliot Northcott, United States minister to Venezuela, has resigned from the diplomatic service.

MISTOOK HIM FOR BURGLAR

Chicago Woman Kills Husband From Whom She Had Separated

Chicago, June 5.—Mrs. Louise Van Keuren shot and killed her husband, John H. Van Keuren, mistaking him for a burglar. The Van Keurens had been separated for several months. Mrs. Van Keuren told the police she heard the crash of broken glass and saw a hand stretched through to unlock the door. She said she fired at the man and after killing him saw it was her husband.

MURDERED A DETECTIVE

Labor Man Confesses After Becoming Immune Because of Acquittal

Columbus, O., June 6.—Leo Cago, a member of the Iron Molders' union of Wheeling, confessed in the United States district court here that he killed Detective John J. Hendon at Steubenville, O., in 1910. The killing occurred during a period of labor troubles.

Cago was tiled at Steubenville more than a year ago on a charge of having murdered Hendon, and was acquitted.

Cago's confession was made during a civil hearing before Judge Sater. Having been in jeopardy once, another trial on the same charge is barred under the constitution. Cago's confession resulted in speedy dismissal of proceedings involving the disposition of \$5000 reward money offered by the commissioners of Jefferson county and another suit by Hendon's administrator to collect \$5000 damages from Jefferson county because of Hendon's death.

Upon Cago's admission that he fired the shots which killed the Pittsburgh detective, an agreed order was entered allowing the dead man's heirs \$1000.

THE HITCH WITH JAPAN

White House Officials Confidently Expect an Amicable Adjustment

Washington, June 6.—After reading Japan's latest note on the California anti-alien land law and just before a conference with Ambassador Okuma, President Wilson expressed the view that the new communication opened the way for "very interesting and friendly negotiations."

The president let it be known that there was much matter for discussion in the Japanese note, but that none of the documents thus far exchanged by the two governments had in themselves suggested a solution of the land law difficulty.

He indicated that the negotiations would proceed slowly and carefully. While House officials reiterated their confident expectation of an amicable adjustment eventually.

BRYAN'S PARTNER

GETS PANAMA JOB

Editor of Commoner Governor of the Canal Zone

Washington, June 4.—Secretary of State Bryan has landed a job for his partner, Richard L. Metcalfe, associate editor of *The Commoner*. President Wilson selected Metcalfe as head of the civil government of the Panama canal zone, placing him in line for promotion to the governorship when the zone is placed under civil administration.

Metcalfe has been in newspaper work all his life, and came into national political prominence during the campaign of 1896 as spokesman for Bryan. Last year he ran in the primaries on the Democratic ticket for governor of Nebraska, but lost.

ALFRED AUSTIN DEAD

Had Been Post Laureate of England Since 1896

London, June 3.—Alfred Austin, poet laureate of England, is dead. He was 78 years old last month. He has been poet laureate since 1896.

Austin was born at Headingley, May 30, 1836. He was educated for the law, and upon graduating from the London university in 1873, he practised law for three years, but without any intention of continuing in it.

When his father, Joseph Austin, merchant and magistrate, died in 1861, Austin abandoned law and devoted himself to travel and writing. He married Miss Hester Roman-Mulock in 1866.

JACK JOHNSON SENTENCED

One Year in Prison and \$1000 Fine in White Slave Case

Chicago, June 5.—Jack Johnson, negro heavyweight champion, was sentenced to one year and one day in the state penitentiary at Joliet and fined \$1000 for violation of the Mann "white slave" act.

Sentence was pronounced on Johnson after Federal Judge Carpenter had denied a motion for a new trial made by counsel for the negro. Johnson obtained two weeks' time in order to prepare a writ of error and a bond for \$20,000 on which he has been at liberty since his conviction was allowed to stand.

POPE IS SEVENTY-EIGHT

Receives Messages From All Over World on His Birthday

Rome, June 2.—The pope is 75 years of age today and innumerable telegrams and messages from all parts of the world have arrived at the Vatican, felicitating the pontiff and wishing him many happy years of life.

The pope is spending his birthday very quietly, admitting only relatives and members of his entourage to his apartments.

Two in Biplane Dashed to Death
Buc, France, June 5.—Aviator Bernard and a passenger were instantly killed when Bernard's biplane turned turtle in mid-air and crashed to the ground.

Not to Fortify Against Canal
London, June 5.—The British government has no intention of building a naval station at Kingston, Jam., as a consequence of the completion of the Panama canal, according to an announcement made in the house of commons in reply to questions on the subject.

AMENDMENTS ARE UNLIKELY

Wilson's Free List Will Have
Support of His Party

SUGAR, LUMBER, WOOL, SHOES

All Will Remain as Provided in Underwood Bill—Wrong Date Necessary Change in Income Tax Clause—Farmers Not Satisfied With Measure as It Now Stands

Washington, June 6.—President Wilson's position in support of free wool and free sugar seems to grow stronger as the day of the senate caucus draws nearer. The tariff bill will be put to the acid test there and party leaders now feel that the president's stand will be supported almost unanimously by the party with the exception of two or three senators being released from the caucus pledge.

There is an increasing possibility that not more than two Democratic senators will oppose the bill to the end. Free shoes, free lumber, free agricultural products, free wool and free sugar as provided in the Underwood bill are to stand, the administration leaders declare, and the probability of any amendments to those items on the floor of the senate is lessening.

Before the senate acts on the Underwood tariff bill the income tax section will be amended to remedy a defect which, it has been discovered, would make the measure unconstitutional. When the framers of the provision fixed Jan. 1, 1913, as the date from which to compute income for taxation, they overlooked the fact that the constitutional amendment authorizing an income tax was not proclaimed as ratified until Feb. 26, 1913. This fact was brought to the attention of the senate finance subcommittee and an amendment will be drafted at once.

Senator Williams' subcommittee still has under advisement the scores of protests filed by officials of the mutual life insurance companies against their inclusion under provisions of the income tax law, and the committee still is considering an amendment which would give such mutual concerns exemption if they are able to prove after the tax has been assessed that they are not conducted for profit and that all of their surplus earnings are participated by their policyholders.

Action by the subcommittee, to be ratified by the finance committee, in putting livestock and grains on the free list, retaining on the free list also meats, flour and oatmeal, it is expected, will arouse protests from farmers and farm organizations, but the committee will hold to this solution of the problem presented in the Underwood bill of equalizing agricultural raw materials and their products. One vigorous protest came from the corn belt of Iowa before the action was announced.

ABOYEUR WINS DERBY

Favorite on Whom a Fortune Had Been Wagered Is Disqualified

Epson, Eng., June 5.—By the disqualification of Cranmer after he had finished ahead of a field of sixteen in the classic Derby this blue ribbon event of the British turf went to a 100 to 1 shot, Aboyeur. This horse, which was regarded as a rank outsider, is owned by A. P. Conifre. Louisa, owned by W. R. Raper, got second place, and Great Sport was given third position.

Cranmer was a hot favorite at 6 to 1 and a fortune had been wagered on him. The odds on Louisa were 10 to 1. Protest was lodged against Cranmer for bumping. The stewards investigated and found Johnny Reiff, the American jockey who rode Cranmer, guilty of blocking the field. Cranmer is owned by C. B. Tenny.

SUES BAKER ESTATE

Woman Says Congressman Now Dead Broke Promise to Marry Her

Concord, N. H., June 3.—Notice has been filed with the judge of probate for this county that suit has been brought in the supreme court for the District of Columbia by Miss Magnolia Harris against the estate of the late Congressman Henry M. Baker of New Hampshire, asking damages of \$200,000 for breach of promise to marry.

Miss Harris alleges that she was employed by Baker as "secretary, associate, adviser and agent," under a promise to marry which was not fulfilled.

Falls For \$291,000 With No Assets
Boston, June 3.—Charles P. Backus of Springfield, who claims to be a broker and clerk, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the United States district court. He states that his liabilities amount to \$291,323.68, and he has no assets.

Queensbury Mills Bankrupt
Boston, June 5.—Schedules in bankruptcy of the Queensbury mills of Worcester and Somersworth, N. H., were filed with the clerk of the United States district court here. The liabilities are placed at \$521,032 and the assets \$539,058.

Kills Mother-in-Law and Baby
Canton, O., June 5.—Enraged because his wife had left him, Robert Roach, aged 25, started in to destroy her family last night. He shot and killed his mother-in-law and 16 months old baby, and when a policeman tried to arrest him, seriously wounded him.

CONSIDERED LIBELLOUS

Government May Take Up Strikers' Postcard Attack Upon Draper

Millford, Mass., June 6.—Postmaster Cook received a large bunch of postcards, mailed by I. W. W. strikers here to be sent out broadcast to all I. W. W. locals, which bore a picture of the striker killed by special police in a strike riot in Hopdale. Under the picture were printed in Italian words which, it is said, proved to be of an inflammatory and libellous character directed against Eben S. Draper, head of the Draper mills.

Cook held up the cards and got into communication with Postmaster General Burleson, in Washington. For sending cards of the alleged character of these, the United States government has made a law to punish the senders by a fine of \$5000 or five years in prison.

Just what action will be taken by the postal authorities in the matter is not known.

MILL WORKERS VICTIMS

Public Loss of \$500,000 in Alleged Wildcat Mining Scheme

Boston, June 4.—Hundreds of poor mill workers are numbered among victims who have been duped of \$500,000 in Boston's latest wildcat mining scheme, according to charges made by the federal authorities after the arrest of promoters of the Brooklyn-Arizona Mining company here and in Arizona.

A. C. Cruchet was taken into custody in the office of the American Securities corporation, of which he is treasurer, at 75 State street.

His arrest followed closely the receipt of news that Frederick E. Small, his partner in the promotion of Brooklyn-Arizona stock, had been arrested at Mayer, Ariz. Both men were taken on a secret indictment returned against them by the federal grand jury here last week for using the mails to defraud.

CUSTOMS SERVICE

CUT IS POSTPONED

Senate Committee Favors Recommendation of McAdoo

Washington, June 6.—Secretary McAdoo recommended to congress a postponement of the customs reorganization plan until Jan. 1, 1914, because of objections against it and because he believes it contains imperfections.

Acting upon the recommendations of McAdoo, the senate commerce committee voted to report favorably a bill to defer until Jan. 1, 1914, the proposed reorganization of the customs service, which, by reducing the number of districts and collectors from 156 to forty-nine, would affect every customs port in the country.

NO COMPROMISE POSSIBLE

Foss Will Not Grant Demands of Workers in His Mills

Boston, June 1.—All hopes that the strike at the two Hyde Park plants of Governor Foss would be settled after conferences held yesterday with committees of his own employees were shattered by the attitude taken by the governor. He refused to arbitrate under any circumstances. No compromise was possible, he declared.

The strike will go on now indefinitely. It was declared last night by the committee of international union officials in general charge of the situation.

Veteran Chief of Police Dropped
Paris, June 6.—M. Tourney, veteran chief of the Paris municipal police, was relieved by the chamber of deputies because he prohibited a demonstration in memory of Joan of Arc.

Killed by Circular Saw
Holbrook, Mass., June 3.—F. W. Williams, aged 55 years, was cut nearly in two by a circular saw in his mill here and died in five minutes.

CHILD'S HANDS CRACKED AND BLED

Poisoned by Brown Tail Moth. From Wrists Down Sore and Red. Scratched Until They Were Almost Raw. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Cured Her.

9 Faunce Place, Brockton, Mass. — "My girl was poisoned by the brown-tail moth when she was five years of age. Her hands from her wrists down were sore, red and bleeding. She scratched them until they were almost raw. She suffered enough when they cracked and bled. Her hands and wrists looked so bad I was discouraged to take her out in company. It kept her from sleeping well. I tried

Ointment. Ointment, and also a treatment with no avail. I was so discouraged I said 'I will see what the Cuticura Soap and Ointment will do.' I started to use them. I was obliged to keep her hands and wrists done up day and night in linen cloth saturated with the Cuticura Ointment, but always before it was applied I washed them in hot water and Cuticura Soap. The bathing soothed her wonderfully. When I took the cloth from her hands in the morning the dry skin would all peel off. Cuticura Soap and Ointment completely cured her. It has never returned." (Signed) Mrs. L. H. Allen, Feb. 10, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for poor complexioned, red, rough hands and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little that it is almost criminal not to use them. Cuticura Soap (25c.) and Cuticura Ointment (50c.) are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book on the skin and scalp. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

77 Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY.

Successors to the Business of
The National Bank of Rhode Island.
Incorporated as a State Bank.

1795.

And of the First National Bank.
Incorporated as a State Bank.

1838.

With Officers and Directors of many years' experience
in National and State Banking, we solicit your business.

THOMAS P. PECKHAM, President.

CLARK BURDICK, Vice President.

EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Treasurer.

Big Business Is Good Business

The grand strategy of the New England Lines
is to develop the territory it serves.

To win out is to provide a better system of
transportation than New England ever knew.

The biggest business-building institution
in the community must be the railroad that
serves that community.



Why not see US about it?

If you are contemplating any work along publicity lines—
Catalogs, Pamphlets, Booklets,
Circular Work

we are prepared to do it for you and do it well. We have a complete and up-to-date Printing Office. This plant is in charge of expert and experienced men—men who are instructed under no circumstances to produce anything but the best work possible. We work in all processes in which ink and paper are combined. We write and edit copy—we can serve you and and serve you well.

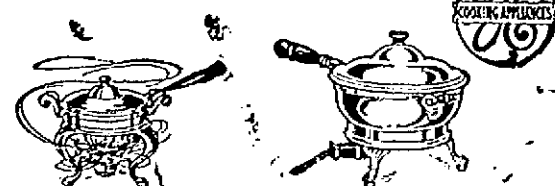
Why not see US about it?

We can do any work that can be done in any
Printing Office in the United States.

Mercury Publishing Company.

182 THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY
you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the
General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

• BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

INTERVIEWING CARUSO.

A Persistent Reporter's Experience With the Great Tenor.

A reporter who had orders to interview Enrico Caruso of the golden voice went to the Knickerbocker hotel the other day about noon. He was told by the singer's valet that his master was taking a nap, but would probably see him at 5 o'clock if he would give notice by telephone.

At 5 o'clock the reporter went to a telephone. The man who answered said, "About what do you wish to talk with Mr. Caruso?"

The reporter could hear the strains of "Celeste Aida" pealing through the room back of the man at the telephone. He had the assurance, therefore, that the tenor was at home.

"I will tell Mr. Caruso himself when he is at liberty to come to the telephone," he said.

"But I am Mr. Caruso," said the man at the other end of the telephone.

"I know better than that," said the reporter. "It is just because mutton-head servants like yourself like to think that it is impossible to give messages through you with any satisfaction. Get off that line and ask Mr. Caruso to come to the phone or I'll come up there and make you into a salad dressing."

"But, sir, you must not talk to me like that. I am Mr. Caruso himself, no one else, and you are insulting me when I am trying to do you a favor."

"Say," roared the reporter in exasperation, "are you so stupid that you can't understand that I can hear Mr. Caruso singing right in the room with you—your spaghetti filled goat?"

"Ah! I see," said the voice. "Come right up."

The reporter went up with a vast feeling of triumph. Signor Caruso opened the door himself, smiling wickedly. And on a stand in the center of the room was a phonograph from which were still leaping the strains of "Celeste Aida" in the singer's own voice. One of his favorite amusements is to hear himself sing.

The reporter went away wondering if he had really apologized enough.—New York World.

Every Day the Best.

Write it in your hearts that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.—Emerson.

A Bit of Chinese Fun.

The love of fun is not unknown among the serious looking Celestials who during the last decade have been collecting in the Australian colonies.

A storekeeper, wishing to advertise his wares in the Chinese language, engaged a Chinese to paint a sign, expecting, of course, that it would be a very enticing one. It did not answer his expectations, however, for the only perceptible effect it had on "the relatives of the sun and moon," as the Chinese term themselves, was to excite a grin of broadest dimensions.

At length the storekeeper, by a considerable bribe, obtained a translation in English of the advertisement and found that it read as follows:

"Don't buy anything here—storekeeper is a rogue."

"That sign came down in a jiffy, and the storekeeper spent the next week looking for the ingenious sign painter."

Patti's Burning Admirer.

Once in Italy a card was brought to Mme. Patti from a man whose name she did not know, but who was so very anxious to see her that she allowed him to be shown into her room. When the unknown came in he proved to be a little old man who was quite red and speechless with nervousness. Suddenly Patti noticed smoke coming out of his coat, so without saying a word she seized a glass of water and



THREW A GLASS OF WATER AND TALKED IT OVER HIM.

threw it over him. It turned out that the old man had put his lighted cigar into his pocket when he entered the room and so had set fire to his coat. "Sir," said Mme. Patti, "I have had many admirers who professed themselves burning with admiration for me, but I have never before met one who went so far as to set himself on fire to prove it."

Served Upon the Knee.

There is a story told of Grammont who one day dined in state with Charles II. of England. Charles bade the count to order that the servants kneel while they served the dishes, a mark of respect to guests of the king not common at other courts. "I thank your majesty for the explanation," answered Grammont. "I thought they were beating pardon for giving you so bad a dinner."

"What is the meaning of economy?" "Economy, my son, is going without something you do want in case some day you should want something which you probably won't want."—New York American.

He. Why is that grind never subject to cold? She. He's always wrapped up in his book.—Yale Record.

Out Rude Language.

There are great differences between the richness and poorness of words in the different countries. Japan is certainly richer in its words than England. Just for example we have more than one word for the word "I." The emperor alone calls himself "Chin," and all his subjects call themselves "Wainku," "Washi," "Ore," "Boku," "Seashu," "Soregushi," "Ware," "Yo," etc., according to circumstances. The second or third person changes as much as the first person. "I," and all the verbs accordingly. When I started to learn the English, first time, I asked my American teacher, "What shall I call myself before the emperor?" He said, "I."

"Then what shall I say before my parents?"

"What shall I say before my men friends? And before my women friends?"

"I was quite astonished and said: 'How simple, but how rude is the English language!'—Yoshio Markino in Atlantic.

Force of Short Words.

A man who acts as tutor and companion to a young boy wrote this indorsement on one of the boy's compositions: "Use shorter words. Follow the example of Horatio Seymour. This is part of an address delivered by him to students in 1878: 'Short words, like love, hate or zeal, have a clear ring which strikes our minds or touches hearts. They but tell of joy or grief, of rage or peace, of life or death. They are felt by all, for their terms mean the same thing to all men. We learn them in youth. They are on our lips through all days, and we utter them down to the close of life. They are the apt terms with which we speak of things which are high or great or noble. They are the grand words of our tongue. They teach us how the world was made. God said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' Mark the words of more than one syllable."—New York Tribune.

Think Strangers Bring Disease.

The inhabitants of St. Kilda, like those of Nio, regard the landing of strangers as fraught with danger to their health. John Sands, who thirty odd years ago spent some months in St. Kilda, writes that "the most extraordinary complaint that visits the island is called the strangers' cold. The natives firmly believe that the arrival of a boat communicates this disease. They say that the illness is more severe when the ship or boat comes from Harris and that they suffer less when the vessel comes from Glasgow or London. It is curious that every one caught this distemper when an Austrian vessel visited the island during my stay there. Not one St. Kildan escaped. The symptoms are a severe headache and pain and stiffness in the muscles of the jaw, a deep rough cough and rapid pulse."—London Chronicle.

The Word "Transpire."

Richard Grant White in his "Words and Their Uses" says: "Transpire means to breathe through and so to pass off insensibly. The identical word exists in French, in which language it is equivalent to our perspire, which also means to breathe through, and so to pass off insensibly. The Frenchman says, 'J'ai beaucoup transpire' (I have much perspired). In fact, transpire and perspire are etymologically as near perfect synonyms as the nature of language permits. The latter, however, has by common consent been set apart in English to express the passage of a watery secretion through the skin, while the former is properly used only in a figurative sense to express the passage of knowledge from a limited circle to publicity."

Child Marriages in England.

Child marriages were common enough in England a century or two ago. Wards of the crown in particular were frequently married before they reached their teens. Some children were married at the age of five, while from nine to twelve was considered quite a marriageable age for girls. Little Moll Villiers, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, was not merely a wife, but a widow, at the age of nine, and there are descriptions of her romping in the garden and climbing cherry trees in her widow's veil.

A Record.

English Poultry Farmer—Yes, I assure you the weather was so hot here one summer that the water in the birds' drinking troughs positively boiled. American Ditto—That's nothing! Why, in New Jersey we sometimes have to feed our hens on crushed ice to prevent them from laying hard boiled eggs.—London Home Notes.

His First Love Affair.

Mrs. Rose—Did your husband ever have more than one love affair? Mrs. Pose—Oh, only one, I believe! Mrs. Rose—And that was when he fell in love with you? Mrs. Pose—Oh, dear, no! He had fallen in love with himself long before he had met me.

Mutual.

"I should think you'd be ashamed to sponge on Gortox daily at lunch. The meals are always at his expense." "Oh, it's a mutual arrangement. The jokes are at mine."—Exchange.

No Treat.

Mrs. Neighbors—Would you like a piece of bread and butter, Johnnie? Johnnie—Not me. We have that at home.—New York Globe.

It is a good thing to be rich and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.—Euripides.

How can you look on and see your boy torturing the poor cat like that?

"I don't allow it as a rule, but he's his birthday today."—Meggsdorf's Blatter, Munich.

Will you walk through life with me?

"No, Harold, I have promised to book-book with another fellow."

Putting the Sickroom in Shape.

Disinfect the sickroom of every unessential. Leave nothing that can be knocked off or over or that clatters or rattles. Remove rugs from the bare floor, but keep a small one handy for the patient's feet. Cover a carpet with a smooth sheet of something washable. In case of contagion take away draperies and pictures. Have the best steady light and firm standing, not too low, single or of three quarter size. Set it so there is free passage all round it, but not so light glares into bed, a spacious dresser, a bigger table and at most three chairs are complete equipment. Give up the dresser to the patient's clothes, bedclothes, towels, table covers and so forth. Have three changes of clothes, a dressing gown a light shawl, slippers, many clean handkerchiefs. A dressing room attached is a godsend—next to it a bathroom easily reached. Lacking either, a washstand fully furnished is necessary also an alcohol or oil stove for hot water.—Harper's Household Handbook.

Selecting Men.

"Seeing" men is an art. It amounts almost to second sight. Often in a business "line" some man makes his way mysteriously and rapidly to the top or near to it. He does not seem to have greater trading ability than many others, nor has he been favored by a larger capital, or a more magnetic personality. Let him rise. His faculty of "seeing" men has been the magical force.

It is no trick at all to discover the man who has triumphantly made a record, who is already a personality in this trade or that. Unfortunately such a man is unfailingly costly. What he has done, moreover, is no positive guarantee as to his future exploits. Men of great reputation as lieutenants many times prove great disappointments when they shift. The chief who "sees" picks a man whose reputation is yet to be made and thereby gets the profit himself.—Harper's Weekly.

Roused the Judge.

When Judge Gaynor was on the bench in New York he had a case where the attorney for the defense was exhausting the patience of every one in asking absurd questions of a witness whose mentality was of extremely low order. He kept this up for half an hour to no purpose at all and at last explained:

"Now, of course, you don't know that the defendant here is a manufacturer?"

"Please don't address your questions to what this witness does not know," interposed Judge Gaynor. "It opens such a wide range of possibility. It is patent that if you persist in finding out what he does not know we will never finish this case. Please therefore try to find out something that he does know."

Learned by Experience.

A wolf and a fox and a lion, having banded themselves together, snared a goat and a stag and a hare. And the lion said to the wolf, "Divide these among us." The wolf said, "The goat is for thee, the stag is for me, and the hare is for the fox," and when the lion heard these words he became wroth and leaped upon the wolf and choked him. Then he said to the fox, "Do thou divide the spoil." And the fox said to him, "The goat is for thy breakfast, the hare for thy lunch and the stag for thy supper." And the lion said to him, "Whence hast thou learned to make such an equitable division?" The fox replied, "From the wolf which I eat before thee, O my lord and king."—From the Orient.

Familiar Talk.

A traveler who believed himself to be sole survivor of a shipwreck upon a cannibal island bid for three days in terror of his life. Driven out by hunger, he discovered a thin wisp of smoke rising from a clump of bushes inland and crawled carefully to study the type of savages about it. Just as he reached the clump he heard a voice say, "Why in blazes did you play that card?" He dropped on his knees and, devoutly raising his hands, cried: "Thank heaven they are Christians!"—Everybody's.

His Decision Stood.

"Who's chairman of the ways and means committee?" asked the boy who answers the telephone at the general bureau of information. "My wife," answered the walking encyclopedia absently. And when he came to himself he decided not to change it.—Buffalo Express.

Would Not Be Noticed.

Applicant—Yes, madam, I wish to secure board, but I must inform you that I am a vegetarian, madam. Mrs. Slim—Oh, that will be all right. You will not be expected to eat the meat. None of the others ever do.—New York Weekly.

The Hot Wind From the Desert.

"Khamshin" is the hot wind from the desert which blows out of the Sahara upon Egypt. The word means fifty, from the idea that it lasts for fifty days. The khamshin is terribly hot and dry and sometimes brings pestilence with it.

For a Starter.

"What would you advise me to do?" Inquired the uncertain man. "Well, to start with, I'd advise you to quit wasting your time asking people's advice."—Washington Star.

Cheap Way to Mount Pictures.

To mount pictures inexpensively for the nursery or children's bedrooms, cut all the white margin off the picture, then get some thin, smooth boards 1 1/2 inch larger all round than the picture; stain the boards with dark oak stain about two inches round the edge; varnish them, then paste the picture on the board, leaving an even edge of the stained wood all round; hang on the wall in the usual way.

FATE.

The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare, The spray of the tempest is white in air, The winds are out with the waves at play, And I shall not tempt the sea today.

The trail is narrow, the wood is dim, The panther clings to the arching limb, And the lion's whelps are abroad at play, And I shall not join the chase today.

But the ship sailed safely over to sea, And the hunters came from the chase in glee, And the town that was builded upon a rock Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

—Bret Harte.

APHORISMS.

Let us live with our children. So shall their lives bring peace and joy to us; so shall we be glad to be and to become wise.

What boys and girls play in earliest childhood will become by and by a beautiful reality of serious life, for they expand into stronger and truer youthfulness by seeking on every side appropriate objects to verify the thoughts of their inmost souls.

This earliest age is the most important one for education, because the beginning decides the manner of progress and the end. If national order is to be recognized in later years as a benefit, childhood must first be accustomed to law and order and therein find the means of freedom. Lawlessness and caprice must rule in no period of life, not even in that of the nursing.

The kindergarten is the free republic of childhood.

Man must be able to fall in order to be good and virtuous, and he must be able to become a slave in order to be truly free.

My teachers are the children themselves, with all their purity, their innocence, their unconsciousness and their irresistible claims, and I follow them like a faithful, trustful scholar.

I wish to cultivate men who stand rooted in nature, with their feet in God's earth; whose heads reach toward and look into the heavens; whose hearts unite the richly formed life of earth and nature with the purity and peace of heaven—God's earth and God's heaven.—Froebel.

CALIBAN IN THE COAL MINES.

God, we don't like to complain. We know that the mines are no lack.

But—there's the pools from the rain, But—there's the cold and the dark.

God, you don't know what it is— You, in your well lighted sky, Watching a meteor whiz, Warm, with the sun always by.

God, if you had but the moon, Stuck in your cap for a lamp, Even you'd fire it soon Down in the dark and the damp.

Nothing but blackness above And nothing that moves but the cars—

God, in return for our love, Fling us a handful of stars! —Louis Untermeyer.

SELF RESTRAINT.

A number of countries have copied our constitution with a provision that the constitutional guarantees may be suspended in case of necessity. We are all familiar with the result. The guarantees of liberty, justice and order have been forgotten. The government is a dictatorship, and the popular will is expressed only by revolution. Religion, the philosophy of morals, the teaching of history, the experience of every human life, point to the same conclusion—that in the practical conduct of life the most difficult and the most necessary virtue is self restraint. It is needed more by men acting in mass than by individuals, because men in the mass are more irresponsible and difficult of control than individuals. The makers of our constitution, wise and earnest students of history and of life, discerned the great truth that self restraint is the supreme necessity and the supreme virtue of democracy. The people of the United States have exercised that virtue by the establishment of rules of action in what we call the limitations of the constitution, and until this day they have rigidly observed these rules.—Elhu Root.

Sha. Well, anyway, Kate isn't one of those women who carry gossip around.

Ha. No, she has a telephone in her house.

Gibbs. Your wife seems to be a resourceful woman.

Dibba. Resourceful? Why the other day she put in a pane of glass with chewing gum.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hathorn

Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.

Vegetable Preparation of Castor Oil, Stimulating the Food and Laxative, Acting on the Stomach and Bowels.

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotics.

Approved Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

The Centaur Company, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DROPS—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food & Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Hedgehorn" bicycle furnished by us. Our Rider Agents everywhere are making money fast. Write for the QUICK BREAD you receive and approve your bicycle. We ship to owners anywhere in the U.S. without a cent deposit in advance, prepaid freight, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. During this time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle, ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

FACTORY PRICES. We furnish the highest grade bicycles. It is possible to make a big profit on a bicycle. We will show you how. Actual factory cost. You save 50 to 75 per cent. by buying direct from us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our circular and learn our unheard of factory prices and the many other facts we reveal.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful color circular and study our prices. We sell the best grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with the price we charge. Write to J. L. NEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL. for our circular. We will send you a circular and a sample tire free of charge. **SECOND HAND BICYCLES.** We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but we have a number on hand made by us and sold at a special price. We will sell you a bicycle for \$10.00 or \$15.00. Descriptive circulars, sample tires, and equipment of all kinds at half the regular retail price.

COASTER BRAKES. We have a special machine for repairing and rebuilding coaster brakes. We will repair and rebuild your coaster brake for \$1.00. We will also repair and rebuild your bicycle for \$1.00. We will also repair and rebuild your bicycle for \$1.00.

\$10.00 Hedgehorn Puncture-Proof \$4.80

Self-healing Tires A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE ONLY

The regular retail price of these tires is \$10.00 per pair. But to introduce we will sell you a sample pair for \$4.80 each.

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES

"Hedgehorn" tires will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year. **DESIGNATION:** Made in all sizes. It is heavy and strong. It is made of a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing air to escape. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, but the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of this specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is \$10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only \$4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We will ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not need to pay a cent until you examine and find them strictly as represented. We will allow a cash discount of ten per cent. (thereby making the price \$4.32 per pair) if you send **FULL CASH WITH ORDER** and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory or as wanted. We will send you a sample tire free of charge. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride faster, run smoother, last longer and look better than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be well pleased that you have a sample tire free of charge. We will send you a sample tire free of charge. We will send you a sample tire free of charge.

IF YOU NEED TIRES Write for our big circular and sample tires. We will send you a sample tire free of charge. We will send you a sample tire free of charge. We will send you a sample tire free of charge.

DO NOT WAIT Write for our big circular and sample tires. We will send you a sample tire free of charge. We will send you a sample tire free of charge. We will send you a sample tire free of charge.

J. L. NEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Easy Enough.

"I have a wife and four children in Chicago, and I have never seen one of them," remarked a Chicago man one evening.

Mrs. Dodge, who was noted for her inquisitiveness, looked toward him in great surprise. After a moment's pause she asked:

"Were you ever blind, Mr. Evans?"

"No, madam," was the reply.

"Did you marry a widow?" the woman inquired.

"No, indeed," he said.

There was a silence again while the inquisitive woman tried to solve the problem to her satisfaction. Failing to do so, she asked:

"Didn't I understand you to say, Mr. Evans, that you had a wife and four children in Chicago and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, that was what I said."

"How can it be that you never saw one of them, Mr. Evans?" asked the woman.

"Why, madam," replied the man, "one of them was born after I left."—Harper's Bazar.

Explanation Demanded.

An Irishman just landed got work on the New York Central as flagman at Terrytown. His first day on the job he saw the red danger signal before the Empire State express. The brakes squeaked down, the train stopped, and the crew ran up. "What's the matter? Why did you stop this train?" the conductor demanded.

"Well," began the flagman.

"Don't you know it's a state prison offense to stop a train without cause?" the conductor explained. "Why were 20 minutes late now?"

"That's just it," was the answer. "Where have you been the last 20 minutes?"—Newark Star.

Not a High Climber.

Col. Faulkner of Texas was walking along the road one spring morning when he met an old derby village, whither he was bound to secure his stock of tobacco for the coming week.

"Well, Uncle Primus, how are you?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, sub; yab sub, Marse Faulkner, yes sub. Ah is feelin' good dis mornin'. Ah outlyin' is feelin' fine. Ah don't remember it as ah ever felt no better in my life, but now way rather ah seems to be gettin' in de habit of life 'w'en ah's lookin' fer de law spots in de fence."—Newark Star.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Runaway.

When a man of 55, a man whose life is self-centered, whose existence is fairly despite the through about him, there is a sudden desire to look upon his life and his, he may be pardoned for the weakness. Jarvis Grant told him that it was a weakness, and felt a little worried over the suddenly foreign sentiment—foreign to his nature, foreign to his surroundings. But even a hundred men of mighty affairs may feel the call of the blood.

Jarvis Grant couldn't keep his mind from speculating over the possible whereabouts of those who, under different circumstances, about 15 years ago, had run away from him.

He had run away from his Sacramento home when but a small boy. A severe and unresponsible father, a weak and ailing mother, and contributed to his departure. It was pitiful that a child could carry away with him so much bitterness of heart. He would have died of gold and hunger sooner than cross that hated threshold again. He nearly died as it was, but not once did he think of playing the prodigal. He was knocked about and starved and beaten, and distressed under the treatment and grew up hard and cynical. He drifted across the continent and then fortune smiled upon him and placed her ladder before him and he climbed fast and high.

At 59 many men feared him no man loved him. There had been a baby sister in the cradle of the old home at Sacramento and it was one of his remembrances that the little one had caught his glance and given him a dimpled smile and the wave of a chubby arm as he backed through the door with his angry father growling at him and his timid mother hiding her face in her apron.

The dimpled smile was the one point of light in that world scene. He wondered if the little sister had grown to be a woman. Had she married? Were there children to call her mother? He wanted to know something about her and the desire was growing upon him.

"If she is living," he muttered to himself, "or has children, the fact becomes a matter of some importance—to her, at least." He put his hand on his forehead. "Enough why I am worrying about it is something I can't understand. No doubt she and her brood will be on hand fast enough if anything happens to me."

He drew a long breath and tried to interest himself in his papers. But he couldn't concentrate his mind on them—important though they were. "Am I breaking?" he growled. "Am I going as Sterling Briscoe went? And he was only 55. Nonsense."

Nevertheless, he took his hat and went down to the elevator and strolled through the neighboring park for a half hour—a most unusual and disquieting proceeding.

He was to better spirits when he re-entered his private room and took up his papers with renewed confidence in himself.

Just came a low knock on the door.

"Come in," said Jarvis Grant, and a man entered. He was a stout man, a man of 60, with a ruddy complexion and a close-cropped gray mustache. He came in quietly and softly closed the door.

"Glad to see you, Harkins," said the newcomer. "Here's a seat, how are you?" The quiet man came forward and took the outstretched hand. He held it for a moment and gave the stranger a searching look.

"How is it with you, Mr. Grant?" "Pretty well, Harkins. And what's the report?"

The quiet man drew a heavy envelope from his pocket and a note-book.

"I followed your directions, Mr. Grant, with fair success." He looked at his notes. "The house in the outskirts of Sacramento was torn down in 1881. It was unoccupied for three years. Here is a photograph of the site. The house was on the spot marked by the cross. These terraces and outcrops have been built within the last 10 years. The man at the desk stared at the photograph.

"Go on," he said. "I found out all that seemed possible to learn concerning the family that last occupied the house. There were three members; a man, his wife and a child. The man died in 1877, the woman did not long survive; the girl, a child of 10, was left alone."

"Alone," repeated the man at the desk. "A couple named Carson gave her a home. They had no children, although in very moderate circumstances, took her in and treated her as they would have treated a child of their own. In 1883 they moved to Stockton, taking the child with them. I found the man and his wife there. They are very poor. I found out they had been very fond of the child. She was married from their home—married to a man named Carter, a printer. He took her and died a few years later, leaving her with one child, a son. The old couple have heard from her at intervals. Her husband had a little life insurance and she supported herself and the boy by doing dress sewing. She sent the old couple a little money from time to time—no doubt all she could spare. She sent them \$5 about two weeks before I visited them. They showed me the letter. It was a good letter—kind and cheerful—a letter out of a grateful heart. The writer said she had sent them all she could spare at the time. I copied the address that she gave."

He paused and waited. "Go on."

"I paid the couple \$20 for their information and came away."

"Give me the address."

The quiet man tore a leaf from his notebook and laid it on the desk. Jarvis Grant picked it up, looked at it carefully, then put it in his pocket-book. "Now the other address."

The quiet man handed him another leaf.

"Alice Calvert, 1825 Arden place," he read aloud. He looked up. "Is this city?"

"Yes."

"Within a stone's throw of my own door," muttered the man at the desk. "No last the leaf away. The quiet man waited."

"I am pleased with your work, Harkins," said the man at the desk. "Let me have your expense account." He looked at his notes. "You are in my confidence. I am going away. You alone will know where I am. You are to stand between me and the street and the newspaper man. I—need a little rest. I'm growing old. You will answer all questions. I am called away on an important mission. Let them invent any questions they please. I will make up my mind to run away. I am home. It will be the second time. This afternoon I'm going down through my garden a bit out by the rear—then I will take behind me—slipping the key and by the private back way to Arden place, I am go-

log to my sister's house, Harkins. Do you understand?" The quiet man nodded. "You will come to me there, being cautious, of course, at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. That is all."

The quiet man nodded as he arose, he turned towards the door. Then he suddenly came back and grasped the hand of his employer.

"I wonder why he did that?" said Jarvis Grant a little later.

Later that afternoon Jarvis Grant rapped cautiously at the side door of the Calvert cottage on Arden place. A shabby and hesitating man he seemed, as he waited on the doorstep. He tapped again a little louder and told him the knock was answered. The woman who confronted him was slender, a little gray, a little pale, but erect and still attractive. She looked at Jarvis Grant intently.

"I don't know," he said with an awkward hesitation. "I have something to say to you regarding the old home—the old home at Sacramento."

She gave a little start as she bade him enter, then she placed a chair for him in the little sitting room, but he remained standing.

"I have every reason to believe that I am your brother."

She gave another start and stared at him with her hand on her breast.

"I have no recollection of a brother," she said.

"You were lying to your grandfather when I went away," he said. "You looked at me and smiled. I have thought of that smile many times. I am a hard man; I have lived a hard life and I'm getting old. I've been a bad brother, but at last the call of the blood has drawn me toward you. You will not turn me away, Sister Alice?"

"I have been alone a long time," said the woman presently. "I did not know I had a brother. I cannot at once feel the relationship. I have heard of the boy who ran away, but he was given up for dead. If you are that boy you are welcome."

He eagerly took the hand she gave him.

"Thank you, sister," he said and his voice shook a little. "I've been alone all my life. Poor, discouraged, lonely, I can't tell you how it warms my heart to feel that there is some of my kin to take my hand. Yet I am an unworthy brother and I come to you in sorry plight."

"There is a bed and food for you, brother, and you are welcome."

Jarvis Grant smiled and it was a good smile to see.

"I feel 20 years younger. Come let us get acquainted. I will sit here and listen while you tell me about yourself. You have a son?"

Her eyes brightened.

"A very dear son. Listen, brother. His name is Richard Grant Calvert."

"The man gave a sudden start.

"Why, Richard is—my name," he said.

"They asked me," said the mother, "what his name should be. I thought with a little prayer, of that poor wandering boy and gave my own boy his name."

There was a little silence.

"Tell me about him," said the man.

"He is a worthy boy—I've done the best I could for him. He was left fatherless when very young. His ambitious, his education have meant a constant struggle. He worked his way through school, through college. He graduated with honors a little more than a year ago. He has found employment of a modest sort but could do far better by entering a newer field. But he will not leave me."

She spoke half in pride and half in sorrow and the man nodded.

"What you have told me," he said, "pleases me greatly. He is the nephew I hoped to find. I'm a very lucky uncle."

The outer door opened and a young man entered, a sturdy young man, clear-eyed and firm of chin. He paused and looked from the stranger to his mother.

"Richard," said the woman, "this is your uncle—the uncle for whom you are named. Bid him welcome."

The young man hesitated for the fraction of a second. Then he gave the guest his hand. The guest laughed.

"I know just what's running in your mind, dear boy," he said. "You are saying to yourself, 'What sort of a visitation is this? Why should this man be sitting at our fireside, this shabby, dingy vagabond? How dare he add to my mother's burden? Is she over to have any rest?'"

The young man had suddenly flushed. Then he laughed.

"You're all right, Uncle Richard," he said. "I like your sense of humor—to say nothing of your clever mind and reading. My mother is never happy unless she is making sacrifices, so don't worry about her."

The guest patted him on the shoulder.

"You're a great boy," he said, "and we're going to be close friends." The mother looked back from the doorway.

"I'll have the dinner ready very soon," she called to them.

"Sit down here where I can look at you, boy," said the guest. "Richard, eh? Fine."

The boy looked at his new-found relative in a quizzical way.

"Somewhat," he said, "you're talking doesn't go well with your clothes."

"Oh, I'm a cheerful vagabond all right," cried the guest. "I'm getting younger every minute. I ran away today—ran away from my box. Just hung up my hands and quit."

The young man stared.

"And do you mean to stay awhile?"

"I don't mean to be separated again from either of you."

The young man hesitated.

"Then I see my way clear," he said. "I don't seem to get ahead here as fast as I should. I have a good offer from outside. It will take me to Panama, but I'd get three times the money I'm making now. You will be here to look after my mother."

"Or to have her look after me."

"Yes. And with the increased salary I can look after both of you."

The older man suddenly laughed—and then he suddenly stopped.

"Don't you do anything rash, son," he gravely said.

That night when it came time for reflection—and the evening had passed rapidly for all three—Jarvis Grant paused at the foot of the stairway and suddenly his sister came to him and kissed his cheek.

He caught her hand and took the hand of his nephew.

"Miss own people," he gravely said. "God bless you both. Good night."

The next morning, at the breakfast table, the newcomer announced that he would be away part of the day, looking after his business. "I won't be back until afternoon," he said, "and I want you to come straight home Richard. Your vagabond uncle has a proposition to submit to you. Oh, he's a rare old schemer as well as a rolling stone." And he was still laughing when he turned and waved his hand to his sister.

ter and passed down the street. He was in a gay humor when he came back to afternoon.

"Do you know what's going to happen?" he cried. "Of course you don't. You and Richard are going to dinner with me. I've got a friend who wants us all to come. No, no, sister. It's all fixed. Listen. It means something better for Richard. Yes, yes, it does. And it's only a short walk. I've set my heart on it."

Of course Richard demurred, but was overruled, and the three presently retraced the route Jarvis Grant had taken when he ran away—along the alley and through the gate to the stone wall, and across the garden. A white capped maid stood in the hallway.

"This is my sister, Richard; my nephew. Serve the dinner at the half hour."

He led the wondering pair up the broad stairway and threw open a door at the right.

"Your room, sister. Richard's is across the hall."

The woman looked at the exquisite apartment and drew back.

"It's all right, dear," said Jarvis Grant gently. "Listen, please. Go to that desk and write a note to your good friends the Carsons, in Stockton, stating that the Stockton Trust Co. is prepared to pay them an annuity of \$50 a month as long as they may need it."

"The young man suddenly drew back. "I now know where home was in, he cried. "It is the home of the daughter, Jarvis Grant."

He gave a quick gasp and stared at the older man.

"Not quite right, my boy," the latter said. "It is the home of Alice Calvert and of Richard Grant Calvert and of Jarvis Grant. Jointly and severally. He put his hand on the young man's shoulder and gravely nodded to his sister. "Miss own people," he softly repeated.—W. R. Ross in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mark Twain Heeded the Voice.

Mark Twain was quite at his best as an after dinner speaker at the banquet given in his honor some years ago by the members of the Authors' club. Incidentally he told his amused listeners the story of his first lapse from the path of honesty. He was very young at the time, he explained, and the day was an exceedingly hot one. As he walked down the street in the village in which he was living he saw a cart loaded with melons of most attractive appearance.

"It is with regret I mention," Mark Twain went on, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes, "that I was tempted and I fell. I grabbed the most likely looking melon of the lot and hurriedly made my way to the back of the woodshed. I gouged a huge slice out of it and bit it. No sooner had I done so when something within me convinced me that I had done wrong. A voice seemed to say, 'Mark, get up and take that melon right back to where you got it from.' It was about the greatest melon I had ever tasted. I went back to the cart and carefully replaced it and took a ripe one to its place."—Boston Traveler.

Frankly Answered.

Laudatory remarks about Black Orphanages, Plymouth Rocks and other fancy breeds of fowl a few days ago reminded Congressman Henry Allen Cooper of a chicken dinner in Maryland.

The dinner, the congressman said, was given by a colored man named Ebenezer White and the guest of the evening was George Washington Green, chief deacon of the little church that White occasionally attended.

Grace, of course, was eloquently said, and at its conclusion White began to carve the chicken. Then Deacon Green became facetious.

"Brother White," he smilingly remarked, "do that best dog neighbor of yours keep chickens?"

"No, sah!" came the prompt response of White, as he deftly piled fowl on a well-roasted wing, "but he try hard 'bout to keep 'em."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Qualified.

Unless one has been in a subway or on a train, it is difficult to get an idea of the very small amount of space an average human being can occupy and live. It has long been a cause of wonder as to where the experts who perform the daily miracle of placing three people in the space intended for one are secured. This story may explain:

One day a wild and woolly looking specimen applied for the post of subway guard.

"Any experience for the business?" he was asked.

"Experience?" he blurted. "Was, I should guess so. I was 10 years foreman pecker in a marble factory."

It is recorded that he got the berth.

Nautical.

"Did you know," asked the person of indubitable fancy, "that they won't let a woman run a sailor's boarding house?"

"I never heard that," answered the individual of confiding nature.

"It's a fact. They don't have a landlady around you see."

Then, with a pair of compasses, a black lead pencil, and a table of logarithms, the true lawfulness of the ban was dragged to the surface.

An Alibi.

While the talesmen were being examined for a murder trial in the West one was asked if he knew what an alibi was.

"I think I do, yes, sir."

"What do you understand by it?"

The talesman reflected for a moment and then, with a hesitancy indicative of graveance, replied: "An alibi is when the fellow who did it wasn't there."—Boston Transcript.

During a republican campaign speech an orator became quite exasperated at the remarks of an old farmer, who kept interrupting as he interrupted the speaker that he was a democrat.

"And why, sir, are you a democrat, may I ask?" thundered the orator.

"My father was a democrat, as was his father before him," replied the farmer.

"Well, now," asked the orator, "suppose your father was a fool and your grandfather was a fool, what under your line of argument, would you be?"

"I'd be a republican," drawled the farmer.—Ladler Home Journal.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Balmey Days in Montana.

Bishop N. Luccock, recently named at the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church at Minneapolis, Minn., will make his home in Helena, Mont., and have charge of conference in Montana, Idaho and the two Dakotas. Meeting a citizen from Montana the bishop, who will have much traveling to do, asked:

"How is it out there in winter?"

"Oh, it gets a little chilly. In fact, quite biting along in the early morning," explained the man, "but by noon it warms up—moderately considerably."

"Ab, I see," smiled the bishop.

"Yes," explained the Montana man to all seriousness, "you may find it 88 degrees below zero when you get up in the morning, and by noon it will have moderated until the thermometer may show only 30 below."

"The afternoons of such balmey days," suggested Bishop Luccock, "are given over to gardening?"—Kansas City Journal.

His Uncle's Medals.

Mickey Bryan and Patsy Killey had been schoolmates together, but they had drifted apart in life. They met one day and the conversation turned on athletics.

"Did you ever meet my brother," asked Pat. "He had just won a gold medal in Marathon race."

"Heard!" replied Mike. "Sure and that's final. But did I ever tell ye about my uncle Ballydug?"

"I don't remember," replied Pat. "Well," said Mike, "he's got a gold medal for five miles, an' ou's for ten miles, two sets of medals for cycling, a silver medal for swimming, two cups for wrestling and badges for boxing and rowing."

"Bogorra," said Pat, "he must have bin a wonderful athlete, fadad!"

"Shure, an' he's ou athlete at all—at all," came the reply. "He keeps the pavilion!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Quick Work.

Residents in rival cities, Jones and Brown, were bragging hard about the excellence of their respective houses. "Take our fire brigade," said Jones, "as an hour's heated discussion."

"Do you know," the other day, a fire broke out in our town and within three minutes the engine came along, but it was going so fast that the driver couldn't pull up till he was a mile passed the burning house?"

Brown smiled to a superior fashion. "My dear fellow, that's nothing," he said. "One day two men were working on a church steeple in my city and suddenly one of them slipped. A terrible death would have been his only fortune if a spectator had the presence of mind to call the fire brigade on the telephone and they came just in time to catch him in a blanket."—Detroit Free Press.

Polltiness Ignored.

A Virginia farmer was driving a refractory cow down the road one morning. The cow and the driver came to a crossroad. The man wanted the cow to go straight ahead, but the cow picked out the crossroad.

A negro was coming along the crossroad. "Halt her off! Halt her off!" yelled the driver.

The negro jumped about the road and waved his arms. The cow proceeded calmly on her way.

"Halt her off! Halt her off, nigger!" yelled the driver.

"I'm a tryin' ter!" replied the negro. "Speak to her! Speak to her and she'll stop!"

"Good mawin', cow—good mawin'!" said the negro politely.

The Champion Optimist.

We award the championship diamond bell for optimism to a resident of one of the rural districts of Scotland. As the story goes, an old man was sitting on the roof of his house during a flood watching the waters flow past; when a neighbor who possessed a boat rowed across to him.

"Hello, Bill," he said.

"Hello, Sam," replied the other.

"All your fowls waited away this mornin', Bill?"

"Yes, but the ducks can swim."

"Apple trees gone too, ah?"

"Well, they said the drop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the river's reached above your windows."

"That's all right, Sam! Them waters needed washin'!"—Boston Globe.

One On Dad.

This sentimental story is vouchsafed for, but somehow or other it sounds strangely familiar to us. Somebody will write in tomorrow and tell us that it was in Huletter's Almanac for 1883, but we'll take a chance:

The preacher was calling at little Bobby's house.

"And do you always say your prayers at night, my little man?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes, sir," answered Bobby, "an' mamma does too."

"That's right. But doesn't your papa say his prayers?"

"No—he don't have to."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"He don't have to—you see, he never gets home till it's daylight, an' then what's there to pray about?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bager to Help.

He—My dear Miss Gladys, I have been converted, but I find there are some things I must do. The minister has told me for instance, that where I have done wrong, I must make restitution.

She (sympathetically)—Sometimes that cannot always be done. For ministers ask hard things.

He (doubtfully)—Now, Miss Gladys, the other day I stole a kiss from you, and, according to the minister, I must give it back.

She (promptly)—Well, I suppose you ought to do what the minister tells you.

Keeping a Diary.

Senator O'Gorman remarked to a colleague the other day that he used to keep a diary.

"I started in when I was 17 year old," O'Gorman, "and I kept it up until I was about 24."

"And why did you stop then?" the friend asked.

"Why," replied O'Gorman, "there was no longer any need for me to write down my daily doings; I got married then."—Plain Dealer.

A Real Pioneer.

"It is to the pioneers of big movements that the credit and honor belong, not to the followers," said a lecturer on vegetarianism in a Highland village, and he exhorted his hearers to become pioneers of vegetarianism in that neighborhood, says the Bill.

At the conclusion of his lecture he was warmly thanked by the band by an old lady, who thanked him for speaking so kindly of her son, Donald.

"But I think you have made a mistake," replied the lecturer. "I don't know your son and I'm not aware that I mentioned him tonight."

"Yes, yes," said the old lady. "Donald is one of those pioneers of big movements."

"Oh, I see," replied the lecturer. "What is your son, Donald?"

"What is Donald?" said the proud mother in a surprised tone. "Why, Donald walks in front of a steam roller with a red flag."

Finish Them Both.

A woman in the center of the railway carriage heard the request of a fellow passenger, directly opposite, asking the porter to open the window, and, reaching a draft, she immediately drew a check about her.

"Forer, if that window is opened," she snapped, testily, "I shall freeze to death."

"And if the window is kept closed," returned the other passenger, "I

